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The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1887 -- Vol. 09, No. 01

Phi Sigma

The Voice.

Vol 9

Chicago Feb. 22, 1887 No. 1

One hundred and fifty-five years ago today the first number of The Voice was issued.

If the volume and number of this issue are not sufficient evidence of the fact, it may easily be proved, as follows:-

George Washington's voice was the exponent of truth and all the virtues.

The Phi Sigma Voice is the exponent of Truth and all the virtues.

But; George Washington's voice was first heard 155 years ago today, and, since things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other,

Therefore, the Phi Sigma Voice was first heard 155 years ago; that is, this first number was issued Feb. 22, 1732.

On account of this happy anniversary, it has seemed clear that The Voice, in this number, should not only speak, as always, the truth, but that it should express some truth especially related to George W. or to the land which calls him father.

The statesmen of the United States once last month honored by our consideration, and have no right to expect more from us. Besides, The Voice speaks of the living present, and it would be invidious and unfair to give the support of its powerful influence to any one statesman or set of statesmen.

We have, therefore, devoted this issue to Recent American Literature, in various aspects, giving special prominence to those forms which seem most characteristic of America — the magazine of today, recent art-books, and the so-called American novel.

Our Question-Box.

[Correspondents are requested to write on one side of the paper only, so that we can use the other side for copy.]

9999 Washington Bd. Dear Voice:— Is it correct to say, "I slipped up", or, "I slipped down", in reference to a fall on the sidewalk? I. C. E.

Ans. Say neither, and no one will know that you tumbled in either direction.

Wayback, Bluegrass Co. Ill., Dear Voice — Why do they close the schools on George Washington's birthday? Washington is

the laziest negro that I ever had work for me - John Haygood.

Ans. What's in a name?

Boston, Mass. Dear Voice, - I should be grateful for your assistance in investigating the origin of the myth of Washington and his Hatchet. Hypatia Bluestocking.

Ans. This myth is simply an allegorical representation of his victories over the British. The cherry tree was suggested by the red coats of the enemy, or, according to some, the cheering of his own men. The hatchet represents his army, and his father stands for the Continental Congress which furnished the troops, and when the victory was won, passed resolutions thanking the general for not writing magazine articles about the Late War.

- air Bonnie -

Phi Sigma, the pride of Chicago,
The star of the unsalted sea,
With joy and the love of devotion,
Our hearts yield their homage to thee.

Chorus - Praises! Praises! ever Phi Sigma to thee.
Honor! Honor! ever Phi Sigma to thee -

Oh fair are the forms of thy daughters,

And brave is the heart of each son.
And true are the words that we utter,
And sound is the work that is done.

Some Characteristics of Recent American Fiction.

McClung's December Bulletin contained the names of twenty-one American novels, and it is an under-statement to say that there is a new one for every working day in the year. In the presence of such a multitude, this article will not attempt to single out particular books and applaud their virtues or expose their vices. We shall attempt only to point out some of the characteristics common to our best recent novels, and to find a reason for them, so far as possible, in the life and spirit of the times in which they were written.

The novel's right to be is no longer seriously questioned, but what its true purpose should be is still a matter of discussion. Should the author aim simply at providing recreation and entertainment for his readers? Or should his story become, really if not apparently, an inspiration to truer thinking and better living on the part of his readers? Or should he strive to produce a perfect work of imitative art, to paint an accurate representation of life as he sees it, and leave the reader to admire or enjoy or imitate as he please?

Our recent writers are not unanimous in

answering the question. Judge Tourgée's powerful tales of the Reconstruction period are certainly "stories with a purpose" Ben Hur is full of valuable information. Again, the purpose of Stockton's "Tale of Negative Gravity" seems to be accomplished when ~~the~~ laughter which he incites has died away.

But the greater number seem to aim at making their works acute character-studies; to present, with ~~almost~~ the, unsympathetic fidelity of a photograph, a series of instantaneous views of the human mind in operation.

To this end, the machinery of the plot is managed so as to throw light on the characters, rather than to impress the reader directly. The point of view is subjective rather than objective. The thoughts, motives and words of the characters are elaborated more carefully than their actions. There is none of the courtly splendor of Scott, nor of the thrilling adventure of Cooper. Every-day occurrences, and their influence on every-day people, are the material with which the artist works.

Yet our novelists have found picturesque people and picturesque surroundings for them. They have found in America forgotten woods and corners, which give to the setting the charm of novelty, as well as afford quaint specimens of human-

ity, who represent original forms of expression of the feelings and experiences of common humanity.

Mr. Cable's Creole characters and Miss Murfree's Tennesse mountain pictures may serve as illustrations of the

In the treatment of these materials, we notice a strong realistic tendency. We have no ideal heroes, but men such as we meet every day, often weak, mistaken and false. Samuel Baker commands less respect when he takes leave of us in his well-fitting broadcloth than he did when Mr. Howells introduced him, in awkward home-spun, looking about Boston to find a publisher for his uncouth poetry.

We have another exhibition of this realistic method in the minuteness of detail, which gives us, with Pre-Raphaelite painfulness, not only the exact depth of the water into which Dorinda was pitched from the canal-boat, but also every nervous twitch of Silas Lapham's face as he pulls on and off his yellow gloves at the door of Mr Corey's drawing-room.

It was such a detail, the fluttering of Dorinda's dress among the blades of corn, as she drove the plow through the rows, which excited the astonishment of an English critic, who thought of corn as wheat, and who remarked that "the Americans must have a

queer system of agriculture; ~~It~~ was not the custom in England to plow the corn under as soon as it was fairly started."

In pursuance of the end of painting character, the relative importance of the plot is much diminished. This, to be sure, is nothing new. Mrs. Stowe's delightful New England sketches in Oldtown Folks — the stately Parson Lothrop and bustling aunt Lois and loquacious Sam Lawson — are joined by a very slender thread of story. The ultimate fate of Mr. Pickwick interests us much less than the casual remarks of his valet. There is, however, an important difference, for in these books there is no attempt to show character developing under the influence of environment and association, but only to give a view of the operations of character already fixed.

Such being, it seems to us, the purpose and method of our recent fiction, so far as it rises above mere amusement, it is time to ask how far these characteristics are due to the influences of modern American life.

We live in a time of material activity. The rapid growth of our country has enlisted many of our ablest minds in the development of her resources. Our great thinkers are to be sought among our railroad

kings and merchant princes rather than in the halls of Congress or in publishers' waiting-rooms.

The eager pursuit of the almighty dollar has given to the current of life a rush and whirl which carries us all along, willing or unwilling. The novel-writers are not so far above the common herd that they can hold their own against the stream.

The most evident effect of this haste and drive is on the length of stories. Aldrich and Crawford do not write four-volume novels as Thackeray and Dickens did. Even George Eliot's genius failed to save her later novels from becoming tedious from their length, and our writers of talent have heeded the warning of her example. The enormous circulation of our popular magazines is another effect of the same cause. People want food reading, but they are in such a hurry that they do not want it in solid chunks, but in thin transparent slices. So our best stories are limited to 12 installments of ten or fifteen magazine pages each, and make, when printed as books, neat little volumes, whose heavily-leaded pages may be gone over almost at a sitting.

A deeper result of this hurry and impatience is seen in the reflex influence exerted by the superficial culture which is so prevalent.

People with only a surface veneer of polite accomplishment do not desire stories that deal with great questions, or lift them far above their ordinary plane of thought. And so, to suit his readers, the writer is tempted to adjourn the handling of the problems even of social life, and the exalting of a high ideal.

But there are men among us who do deep and independent thinking, and they are not without their influence on our writers. The scientific method is seen in the realistic treatment of which we have already spoken. The student of human nature, like the naturalist, begins with facts. He does not search the world, lantern in hand, for an honest man, and then hold him up - a Sir Gallahad or a Coeur de Lion - as an inspiration to the world, notwithstanding his share of human infirmity. Our naturalist goes out into the street and picks up the first man in a queer dress whom he finds, and puts him under his glass, and proceeds to study and to sketch the anatomy of his mind, much as Agassiz or Huxley would point out to us the legs and antennae of a fly that he held in his forceps.

The only objection to this method is that it has not yet been carried far enough. After the scientist has gathered his facts from all sources, he is ready

to go a step farther, and deduce the great laws which underlie them. O for some Agassiz or Newton to interpret to us the laws of social life and of character, and so to help bring man back to the likeness of Him in whose image he was made!

Another exemplification of the scientific method is found in the acute observation of details of scenery and costume of which we have spoken.

A less pleasant ~~effect~~ influence of modern thought is seen in the lack of a moral purpose and an undertone of cynicism, which may fairly be traced to the agnosticism and materialism which is in the air.

One lays down Lemuel Barker with a discouraged feeling, yet hardly knows whether to blame Howells for not bringing his hero under better influences, or to ~~blame~~ acknowledge that the influences of city life, as such a boy would be likely to meet them, are not of the noblest sort.

There is a sort of despair of political healthfulness which appears, not only in a story like "Democracy" but in occasional allusions in other stories - and, often, in their significant silence. Yet if we blame the novelists, we must blame ourselves also. If we do not find ideals in our novels, do we ~~find~~ think them in our own minds? If "the Bread-winners" gives us a dark view of the ~~Socialist~~

labor problem, have we anything better to offer? Or has society, of which we are an organic part?

Is this state of things always to continue? Is the materialism of the times to endure? Is the novel to be brought down from a place in the literature of power, as De Quincey calls it, to work as a grubber in the field of psychical research? We believe not. We believe that when a more cheerful philosophy returns, when men have acquired the means of enjoying life, the application of the scientific methods to the picturesque nooks and corners of the land, and to the men and women of our crowded streets, will give rise to work that shall deserve the title The American Novel.

H. C. Chapin.

Notes on Recent Magazine Illustrations.

Perhaps the contrast between the books and periodicals of to-day, and those of twenty or even ten years ago, is nowhere more noticeable than in the number and character of their illustrations.

The introduction of new processes, by which the expense of reproducing drawings is greatly lessened, and by which much better results are obtained, has had much to do with this, though on the other hand, it may be said that the demand for illustrations has called forth the inventions. One of the most important of these, photo-engraving, has by what is known as the Ives process, reached almost perfection, and is rapidly taking the place of wood-engraving.

In this process the drawings are made on paper and photographed to the wood, thus saving much of the time and expense involved in the old way. In this line as in all others the law of supply and demand holds good, and improvements making it possible to reproduce the drawings have developed the artists for the work, and illustrated books and papers, good and bad, are increasing rapidly.

Look for a moment at what is done in this direction for the children of to-day. In publications of their very own, from the colored picture books of linen for the

little ones, up to the St. Nicholas and Youth's Companion which none of us have grown too old to thoroughly enjoy,) all the songs and legends dear to the heart of childhood, are beautifully illustrated.

Good artists are learning that it is not beneath their dignity to work in this line, and Robinson Crusoe with a legion of others, that we knew by words only, are made so real to the children now.

They not only read about Little Miss Muffet who sat on her tuffet, but they see her, and the look of horror on her face as she drops her curds and whey because the great big spider sat down beside her.

A few years ago children's pictures were all copied from English plates, and instead of the bright little American girls with her bangs and large hat, we had the prim little English maiden of fifty years ago.

But if we are inclined to be envious and think that we as children had little done for us, a glance at the New England Primer will be amusing and perhaps profitable. The one from which my mother learned her letters is a small blue book, bearing on the title page the words, "An easy and pleasant guide to the art of reading, adorned with woodcuts". The woodcuts are three in number. In the first, we see seven small figures exactly alike bearing much resemblance to wooden dolls, seated before a larger figure of

the same description. The verse below tells us, that

"Children like tender osiers, take the bow
And as they first are fashioned, always
grow".

We may infer from this, that these are children in the process of "being fashioned". The second picture is the burning of John Rogers, and the third is a tombstone with a weeping willow in the foreground. Contrast this with the illustrations in Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy, as recently published. The story is fascinating, but a charm is added when we see the beautiful little boy seated on a cracker barrel in Mr. Hobbs' grocery in America, or in the stately English castle coaxing his old grandfather to play games, or riding his pony in the avenue. He is not simply a pretty boy, he is the Cedric of the story with an individuality through it all; as a little friend said "he wears different clothes in different pictures but he looks like himself all the time".

The competition among the leading magazines of the day has resulted in such excellence, that even Mr. Blacklin, and English artist and critic now lecturing in this country, says that England has nothing which can compare with the illustrations in the Century and Harper. He can scarcely be accused of

partiality, for as far as we know this is the one favorable comment he has made on American art.

The pictures in Harper's Monthly for one year, are said to have cost $40,000, and they have certainly added much to the value of the magazine.

Do you not think that Robert Herrick, the English poet and divine who lived so long ago, would have felt that his reputation was secure had he known the wide circulation his songs would have, more than two hundred years after his death? He wrote of trees and flowers and children, and Edwin A Abbey has taken the quaint lines, and drawn the old fashioned flowers and the beautiful women, in the dress of the 17th century, in such harmony, that poet and artist seem to belong to the same age. We almost feel a tinge of regret that they could not have known each other.

After the series of Herrick's poems were completed, Abbey began Oliver Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She stoops to conquer", and here the correctness of detail in costume and furniture is particularly noticeable. He has the advantage of the eighteenth century costume, and his pictures are full of the pomp and grandeur of that day. As to the real artistic value of this work, critics differ widely. One says "He is the founder of a new school

and in years to come, Art Dictionaries will define the Abbeyesque style as "after the manner of Edwin A. Abbey of New York and London". Another critic says "that although these outline pictures are managed well by Mr. Abbey, they encourage his worst fault, that of haste. The result is therefore a pretty book, rather than a work of high art." It is too soon to determine which is right.

We who have been on "The Pilgrimage" with Mr. Warner can bring back only pleasant recollections. The discomforts and misunderstandings which came to the pilgrims in the story, only add to our amusement who see them through the eyes of Mr. Reinhart, who illustrated the story throughout.

The men and women in hotels and railway cars, by daylight and gaslight, are drawn so vividly that we feel certain that we have seen that very man.

And here is the secret of Reinhart's power; every little side touch is so true to life as it is seen every day. He shows us the interior of a country house in New Bedford, and we see the vase of dried grasses on the mantel and even the worked cardboard motto over the door. The young lady in the railway car, on her way home from her summer's jaunt bears the traditional bunch of cat-tails, and in another sketch, is something of what might perhaps be called

the advertising spirit of the age.

A young couple by the seashore have been reading, and the book on the rocks beside them, is unmistakably Harper's Monthly. The young people have probably been reading the early chapters of The Pilgrimage while posing as characters in the latter part. But while these pilgrims have been on their way, those who have followed William Hamilton Gibson in his "Happy Hunting Grounds" have found very different society. Birds and trees and flowers and everything that is beautiful in out door life he catches the spirit of, and we can all enjoy them with him.

He is the artist-author, for though he is well known is the illustrator of "Nature's Serial Story"; his most beautiful touches are with his own writings.

His home is in Brooklyn where he may be found in his studio with his work around him, with drawing after drawing; the originals of his illustrations. Mr. Gibson's boyhood was spent in the country where wandering in the woods, he made an intimate acquaintance with birds, flowers and insects, laying up stores of information for his work in later years. His first work for the public was done in 1870, meeting little approval, for as he says, "those who are to-day warmest in their praise of my drawings, are those who eight or ten years ago predicted utter

failure if I persisted in what they believed a wrong profession".

Refusal after refusal meeting his sketches he began accompanying them with writing, and the tide turned in his favor! In summer he never spends a moment in the house, when he can be out doors and frequent walks of ten or fifteen miles, supply the material for his winter work.

In a recent Southern trip Mr. Gibson traveled with a camera under his arm, so arranged as to suggest a valise, and beside his sketches, he brought home more than 600 negatives.

Some of this material has been used in the Jan. and Feb. numbers of Harper in connection with articles by Chas. Dudley Warner, and other sketches will appear with papers by Rebecca Harding Davis.

One of the most beautiful of Gibson's recent articles is his "Plea for the Grassy Road". He tells of his good fortune in discovering one of these, and of the unused path winding up the mountain side and suggesting such possibilities, as it is lost to view among the trees. Then he shows us the entrance to this road. There is the broken fence half covered with ferns and goldenrod, and the path, overgrown with tall grasses. He tells of the graceful meadow rue, bending to the faintest zephyr, and the tiny bird skimming over the grass and alight-

ing among the flowers, and it is all before you on the pictured page.

But it is not in summer alone that Mr. Gibson finds such beauty. He says: "No one, of course, who values his reputation for sanity will dare deny the cozy cheer of the chimney corner in winter! We love the bright fire, with its ruddy glow, but look out upon the wondrous miracle of a white morning." First there are the trees, covered with the soft white snow, showing the branches just enough to outline their forms against the gray sky. It is all so white and dim that we can almost see the snow fall. Then there is the winter frolic, where dozens of little birds have been at play in the snow, and then have perched on the dry weeds or on the fences to smooth their feathers. Even the trees standing out against their background of snow, show the real character of their bark and branches, more plainly than in summer, when the leaves conceal so much.

We have mentioned only a few of those whose names have been seen often the last few years. There are Alfred Parsons, Frederic Dielman, Frost and many others. They are not the great artists, but some of them have made us see more of the beauty in common things, and have made us think of the words of one of the

old saints, which Gibson quotes,
"The mountain hares turn white in winter because they live in and feed upon the snow, and by dint of loving and feeding upon Beauty, Goodness and Purity, you, too, will become lovely, holy and pure".

Anna C. Marchant

PERFECTION

American Magazines.

All thought is continuous. In the mental as in the physical world there is no absolute vacuum. From the first baby-glimmering of an idea to the last profound reflection of the philosopher the monkey-chain of thought, paw clenched to paw, tail kinked to tail, bridges all gaps.

Unwilling to disguise this fact the candid race of writers long since adopted the continuo-disjointed style of editorial paragraphs where with no particular plan one thought leads to another and most dissimilar topics are linked together by the common tie of blood, or rather, ink from the same pen-full. With an almost Asiatic reverance for precedent and an Hibernian eye for easy-going the present writer will trundle along in the ruts.

Xenophon's Anabasis and Caesar's Commentaries long since disproved the dictum of popular belief that the world's doers are not the world's talkers. To a great extent in the magazine world the exact converse is true and the talkers are mainly doers. The magazine managers are willing to pay almost any price for articles from the pen of the general, statesman, engineer, architect, or specialist of any kind who has really done

something. The idea is surely correct. Success in any praiseworthy line of effort gives a man the right to be heard which no amount of innate capacity or potential achievement can secure for him. Even if the cipher of his wealth are too much regarded, it is, on the whole, only as a logarithmic short cut, an exponent of the power to which his doing has raised him. The ideal millionaire would be only the benevolent and free-handed man of ten dollars, like — well, say, the Assistant Editor of the "Voice", raised to a sixth power and with one hundred thousand times his present capacity and ability to do and to help.

Did you ever remark the number of our American magazines? We have a full dozen that are in almost every particular creditable to us as a reading nation. Their themes range from the thrilling account of "Howling Wolf and His Trick Pony" as told in "Wide Awake" to the ponderous weighing of "Theism and Evolution" in the "Andover Review" and from the equally absorbing topic of "Energy in Plant Cells" as discussed by the "Popular Science Monthly" back to Howard's unaccountable terror at the idea, noted, as recounted in Howells' dilated

farce, "The Mouse Trap" in Harper's. Their audiences include the learned judge who must read the North American Review's latest discussion of railway legislation after his dinner and the little Chinese Mandarin ah Sid pictured in the advertisements as regularly howling for his "St. Nicholas." The typography of three or four of the best magazines is immaculate and their dress artistic. On another page you will find an interesting enumeration and discriminating critique of their artistic excellences.

One service which magazines perform is often overlooked. They act as a bait to lure the lethargic and mentally lazy newspaper reader beyond the boundaries of his close-cropped newspaper common into the luxuriant and wholesome pasturage of books, inducing him to exchange the second-hand half-truths with which our newspapers are filled for fresh original thought put in shape worthy of permanence.

And a permanent form much of this magazine literature ultimately does in the shape of the board covers of a volume. None promises to do this with more right to survive than the Life of Lincoln which Messrs. Hay & Nicolay began in the November Century.

In all the elegance of type and illustrations which the resources of the Century Co. publishing house afford runs on this simple, thrilling story of a great life, placed in its proper setting of men and times and circumstances viewed intelligently and philosophically. As private secretaries of Pres. Lincoln and as men of affairs the authors had ample opportunity to know the man and his deeds and the times in which he lived. They have wisely waited till the time was ripe for the final biography of Lincoln and such theirs gives promise of proving.

Some of the revelations made in this work are startling and instructive. That the grandest man in our history should come from such abject poverty seems incredible. On moving from Kentucky to Indiana this history recounts "Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham, with the assistance of his wife and children, built a temporary shelter of the sort called in the frontier language 'a half-faced camp'; merely a shed of poles, which defended the inmates on three sides from the foul weather, but left them open to its inclemency in front." After a whole year they moved from this wretched hold into a rough cabin which the father had built. "The rude cabin seemed so spacious and

comfortable after the squalor of the camp; that Thomas Lincoln did no further work on it for a long time. He left it for a year or two without doors, or windows, or floor. The battle for existence allowed him no time for superfluities like these." Against such a back-ground Abraham Lincoln looms up more Titanic and more human than ever.

In the more permanent fiction our magazines are constantly adding such novels as Howells "Minister's Charge", in the Century and short stories like Hattertons "Bruton's Bayou" in Lippincott. This latter love story, almost a classic, is published along the line of Lippincott's special excellence now, namely the giving of a complete short novel in each number. The rest of the magazine is poor enough.

Harper's December number has a characteristic story by Gen. Lew Wallace. Around the few recorded facts in the boy-hood of Christ the author of Ben Hur weaves the conjecturings and fancies of a sweet minded old man as he tells them to a reverent group of bright boys and girls. That this should have place in a magazine not distinctively religious in the sense of the term as applied to periodicals is indicative of the growing betterment of the world.

Turning to the distinctively religious magazines we find that the Andover and Princeton Reviews have their pages open for the discussion of all live and, perhaps, some dead questions in the religious and philosophical world. The political and scientific horizon is scanned earnestly by the "Forum" and its subject-titles and writers are suggestive, indicating much solid thinking on the part of the writers and implying like thought for the reader, if he in any degree masters the papers. The Popular Science Magazine is thoroughly "up" in Science and does much toward popularizing it.

It is an old story, probably, that of the mental wreck advised by his physician to do something that would not tax his mind in the least who obeyed instructions to the letter by writing a series of "War Recollections." And yet tired as we unmilitated ones get of the corps and corpses, the brigades and batteries, the sergeant-majors and sutler's aides, the War Series still carried on by the Century with almost undiminished ardor and the papers in the too-little known Magazine of American History are doing a good work in laying the ghosts of secession

and sectional hostility. They have for their avowed objects the recounting to the younger generation the Exact events of the war and what it was about. It is to be hoped that we shall also remember what the war settled. These papers are really of great interest, however, only to the veterans of these campaigns. In the old orchard the tree at which the farmer's boys shy stones and clubs comes to bear the richest flavored apples for its scars and hard knocks. The true history will be the sturdiest and bear the richest fruit because of the buffetings to which Ex-Union and Ex-Confederate soldiers and statesmen subject its young growth.

A delightful feature of our magazines is their departments. Here the Editor impersonally, or perhaps more genially, throwing aside all masks, some man, whose name we have long recognized as a literary power, in his own proper person invites the reader into his library, gives him the Easiest Chair in the warmest corner and talks with him about new books, social problems, political interests, or even condescends to swap stories with him. Harper's Drawer Edited by Chas. Dudley Warner may be taken as a representative of these departments. It seeks to mingle a little quiet good sense

with much nonsense. Like all privileged jesters it says some very plain things. In the Christmas number for Example there is a much needed suggestion that we are going too far in the matter of Christmas advisements and Christmas gifts.

"At the rate we are now rushing Christmas" says the genial Drawer, "we are in danger of wearing it out in a decade or two more."

In asking you will allow us to reproduce entire Chas. Follen Adams's poem entitled "Der Oak und Der Vine" which is as good as his inimitable dialect Satires ever are.

Der Oak Und Der Vine.

"I Dinks vas preaching vomans rights,
Or anyding like dot.
Und I likes to see all beoples
Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot make dis leedle shoke:
'A voman vas der clinging vine
Und man, der shturdy oak.

"Berhaps, sometimes, dot may pe drue;
Budt, dem dimes oudt of nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
Vas jeen der clinging vine;

"Und vhen hees frendts dhey all vas gone,
Und he vas shust 'tead glad;
Dots vhen der woman shteps rigadt in,
Und speen der shturdy oak.

"Shust go out to der pase-pall grounds
Und see dhose 'shturdy oaks'
All planted roundt upon der seats—
Shust hear dheir laugas und shokes!
Dhen see dhose women at der buts,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines:
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und vhich der clinging vines?

"Vhen Sickness in der household comes,
Und weeks und weeks he shtays,
Vhos vas id setzdts him mitoudt rest,
Dhose veary nights und days?
Vhos peace und gomfort always prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he clings to, now.

"Man vants but leedle here below,"
Der poet vonce said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he don't vant,
I dink id means, instead;

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"Mud vhen der years keep rolling on,
Dheir carez und drubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Mud, also, do der glinging.

"Maype, vhen oak dey ging some more,
Mud dond so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey hay some shance
To help me Lije's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy vedder,
"Vas tedder dot dhose oaks und vines
Should always ging togeddher"